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FLAT ROCK.

The engraving which accompanies the present number of the *Ariel*, is a representation of a dam across the river Schuylkill, about eight miles from Philadelphia, erected by the Schuylkill Navigation Company. This company undertook, a few years ago, to make the river navigable from Philadelphia to the valuable Coal Mines bordering on its head waters. They preferred the plan of damming the river at sundry places, and thus forming it into a succession of pools, to the more expensive process of canalizing. It is stated that a horse can tow a boat in one of these pools, with greater ease than in a canal, owing, no doubt, to the greater depth of water. A canal leads from this dam along the eastern side of the river, which supplies many extensive cotton factories with water. It is, indeed, the establishment of these factories, which has given rise to the town of Manayunk, on a spot, to which, a few years ago, the rambler was invited, only by its singularly wild and romantic beauties.

SELECT TALES.

THE HAPPY MATCH.

"Now," said Henry Hemphill to his wife, when they went to house-keeping, "it's my business to bring money into the house—and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it." This was the agreement with which they set forward in the world. He chose her, first, because he loved her, and in the second place, because he knew she was sensible, economical, and industrious—just the reasons which influence a sensible man in his choice now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were one and indivisible: consequently each had the same motives to act well the allotted part. His business called for his whole attention; he wished, therefore, to pursue it undistracted by other cares; for himself he looked for happiness only at home; there he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was of course not disposed to spend any thing abroad, in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to look for in the bosom of his own family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them the better by turning her whole attention to them. Her husband's business-doing habits, his temperate and correct life, had all the power of example; increasing her esteem, and doubling her anxiety to deserve his.

They had married without waiting to get rich. They neither distrusted providence nor each other. With little besides health and a disposition to improve it, they nevertheless had that strong confidence of final success which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them.

Thus they began the world.

To attach a man to his home, it is necessary that home should have attractions. Henry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toil and weariness of the day, and there he found it. When perplexed, and low-spirited, he retired thither, and amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot the heartlessness of the world, and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found always a solace in the sunshine of affection, that in the domestic circle beamed upon him, and dispelled every cloud from his brow. However others treated him—there, all was kindness, and confidence, and affection; if others deceived him, and hypocrisy, with its shameless face, smiled on him to delude and injure him, there all was sincerity; that sincerity of the heart which makes amends for suffering, and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a good wife, a good housekeeper, a good domestic economist, as the kindness on the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that careful and well-directed industry which thrives and gives strong promise that her care and prudence will have a profitable issue. And Mary Hemphill had this token and this assurance.

Henry devoted himself to business with steady purpose and untiring zeal; he obtained credit by his plain and honest dealing; custom by his faithful punctuality and constant care; friends by his obliging deportment and commanding disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village; none were ever deceived who trusted to his word. He always drove his business a little beforehand, for he said, "things go badly when the cart gets before the horse." I noticed a little incident which illustrated his character: a thrifty old farmer was accosted in the road at the end of the village by a youngster who was making a great dash in business, and who wanted to borrow a few hundred dollars. The witty old man was perfectly ignorant of where it could be had, and sailed off from him as soon as he could. He rode directly down to Hemphill's, and told him he had a few hundred dollars to loan, and wished he would take it; the payments should be easy—just as would suit. Indeed, replied Henry, you have come to a bad market; I have a little cash to spare myself, and have been looking round these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out. While Henry was prospering in his business, all went like clock work at home; the family expenditures were carefully made; not a

farthing was wasted: not a scrap lost; the furniture was all neat and useful, rather than ornamental; the table, plain and frugal, but wholesome, and well spread; little went either to the seamstress or the tailor; no extravagance in dress; no costly company keeping; no useless waste of time in careless visiting; and yet the whole neighborhood praised Mary Hemphill, and loved her; she was kind without ostentation and sacrifice; sociable without dissipation. And while few people lived more comfortably, none lived more economically.

The results of such management can never disappoint the expectation to which it looks. Even the angry frown of misfortune is almost put at defiance. A vantage ground is soon gained, which the storm seldom reaches. And the full reward comes in its proper time to crown the meed of life thus spent.

The music of Henry's tools was in full play on the morning that I left the village for a distant residence. It was not yet sunrise. And as the coach bore me rapidly past the cool and quiet residence of the villager, I saw the door was open, and the breakfast smoking on the table. Mary in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness, was busy about her household affairs, and a stranger, who chanced to be my fellow passenger to the city, observed it, and said, "there's a thriving family; my word for it." And he spoke well. There are certain signs always perceptible about those who are working things right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer.

On my return to Alesbury, many years afterwards, I noticed a beautiful country residence on the banks of the river, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth and taste. Richly cultivated fields stretched themselves out on every side as far as the eye could reach; flocks and herds were scattered in every direction. It was a splendid scene—the sun was just setting behind the western hills—and while a group of neatly dressed children sported on the adjacent school-house green, the mellow notes of the flute mingled with their noisy mirth.—"There," said an old friend, "lives Henry Hemphill; that is his farm—those are his cattle, and here is his school-house, and these his own and some orphan children of his adoption, which he educates at his own expense—having made a noble fortune by his industry and prudence, he spends his large income in deeds of charity; and he and Mary mutually give each other the credit of doing all this."

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE WASHINGTON CHRONICLE.
MADAME ROLAND.

MADAME MANON PHILPON ROLAND.—These are the names of a woman who did not yield in heroism to Cato or Sidney—She was the *Malesherbes* of her sex. Her life had all the *eclat* of greatness; her death all the sublimity of virtue. The pages of contemporaneous history do not exhibit a more admirable and finer contrast than the life of the excellent and martyred woman. She was as sensible to moral beauty as she was to the beauty of the fine arts. She thought as Plato, felt as Madame de Staël, and died as Socrates. She was accessible to piety, as a woman capable of the greatest courage, and of the highest thoughts as a philosopher—Though thrown, at the terrible epoch of the Revolution, into a dangerous vortex of affairs, of pleasures, intrigues, and evils, she remained as pure in her manners as she was *naïve* in her conduct. The virtue of instinct, the graces of her sex, depth of mind, facility of labor, rapidity of thought, acts of heroism, and patience unmoved under misfortune—these constituted the sum of a life which one traces with pleasure because it forms a store upon all that surrounds us. Madame R. was the daughter of an engraver, and was born in Paris, in 1756. Her father brought her up with severity; her mother with tenderness; she revolted at injustice, and adored the hand that caressed her infancy. A fine moral was early developed in her by a confirmed taste—not for the theatre, where all is false, even to its vices—but for the fine arts: the guitar, the penel, the woods, water, and above all, flowers, occupied her first moments. To love, to believe, and to know, were her most ardent desires. She devoured Plutarch, St. Augustine, Clarrault, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. Her mind became republican; her soul was entirely Christian. The young woman of fifteen did not belong to her age. She lost at the same time her mother and her fortune. An attachment founded on esteem united her to Mr. Roland, a laborious writer, a man of intelligence, of great austerity of manners, of a firm and severe soul, and of an advanced age. In the journeys which she made with him she studied the manners of the people, and occupied herself in promoting their moral happiness. The flexible and exalted mind, the just and profound judgment of M. Roland, acquired greater vigor without losing any of its docility and grace. M. Roland was a phenomenon in the moral union of all that is charming and elegant in life. Hence that natural beauty, that delicacy of perception, that rapture without extravagance, that grace without labor, which form a striking and isolated model. M. Roland and her husband had, from the depth of their retirement, followed the progress of France, and marked the fall of the shapeless colossus that tottered by its own rottenness.

Roland, charged with a mission to the Constituent Assembly, went to Paris with his wife, and was soon after elevated to the Ministry of the Interior by imprudent friends. He was too honest a man for the times. It was his wife who gave to his resolutions all their *eclat* and warmth: she dictated the remonstrance to the king: it was a severe remedy, but the only one for such deep wounds, and an admirable specimen of eloquence and courage. Roland was no longer minister. The little Philpon, the young girl who read Plutarch was pushed forward into the political arena, to conduct herself like a Sully. A

stranger to manoeuvres, and disdaining intrigues, she revolved in a sphere so elevated that the suspicions of either party could not or dared not reach her. The Revolution was hastened—the 10th of August took place. The sport of events, Roland again became Minister: those who imposed upon him this title very soon endeavored to put him to death. Terror approached; Roland spoke of humanity; the massacre of September was completed; he invoked the laws; danger hovered over his head. They constrained his wife to appear before the tribune. She whose mind, courage, and counsels, had directed her husband in the midst of so many dangers, appeared under the menacing looks of her enemies; answered their questions without trembling; questioned them in turn, and having overwhelmed and defeated them, she obtained her triumph. She continued to receive at her house the deputies of the Girondists, over whom the dagger was suspended. The graces presided at this assembly, where great designs were agitated. An intellectual and fascinating woman, the virtuous chief of a party, she exercised a double empire. They counselled her to fly, in vain: she rejected the disguise which they offered her, with a vivacity and boldness that did not permit any one to renew the attempt. Events were pressing, the Montagn party triumphed, Roland fled, and his wife remained. They had seen her *naïve* and good in her infancy, virtuous and attractive in her early youth; we shall see her brilliant and full of energy in the chaos of political trouble. She reached the sublime. Persecution and martyrdom crowned her noble life. In vain they shut her up in the same dungeon which contained the last refuse of her sex; captivity and approaching death had no power over her pure conscience. She read Plutarch, refreshed her mind with the pages of Tacitus, cultivated her favorite flowers, and returned to her guitar. An attraction of virtue which surrounded her whole person softened the ferocity of her guards, who finished by respecting and a loving her. It was before the scaffold prepared for her, her eyes softened with tears, and snatched from her fugitive husband and disconsolate daughter, that she triumphed over herself, invoked her strength, and wrote her *memoirs*, an imperishable monument of greatness of soul, of eloquence, and a mind devoted to the service of virtue.—She believed her first copy was lost, and prepared it anew, and called her second memoirs *An Appeal to Posterity*. In fine, in her last thoughts she expressed the most secret movements which agitated her, and the cause of her resolution to die. Nothing more touching has ever been penned; nothing was more religious, more tender, more true, or more magnanimous: and if a sacred name could mingle itself with the recital of unfortunate beings, that name alone can express what the heart feels when one reads her *last thoughts*. She had resolved to take away her own life. A friend to whom she communicated her purpose gave her wiser counsel. She weighed the motives of it, pondered on it, and subscribed to it with calmness, as to the force of destiny, as to a duty which possessed its nobleness and greatness. She was transferred to the *Conciergerie* on the same day in which the *Gerondists* perished. She refused with kindness the officious care of M. Gheaveau Lagard, and appeared alone before the judges. She discussed coldly all that was imputed to her, and destroyed all the frivolous accusations which had

been brought against her, and closed her defence with these memorable words:—“You judge me worthy of partaking of the lot of the great men whom you have assassinated: I will endeavor to bear the scaffold with the courage which they have shown.” This courage was *naïf*, admirable, and almost without example. She was dressed in white: her long black hair fell over her shoulders. They gave her a *cambray* de *morg*, who betrayed some weakness. She endeavored to console him. “Go first,” said she, “I wish to spare you the pains of seeing my blood flow.” She asked permission of the executioner, who refused. She said to him with a smile—“You cannot, I am sure, refuse the last request of a woman.” She then knelt before the statue of liberty, and said—“Ah Liberty! how they have sported with you.” Thus died Madame Roland. She was tall and of an elegant form, with a countenance which was animated, full of grace, and embellished by her emotions. Her large black eyes, full of expression and sweetness, exhibited a sensibility stronger and more manly than one expects from her sex. Her conversation was serious, agreeable and lively. The history of the world does not furnish an example of two women who were equally signalized by great talents, high virtues, powerful intellect, a life without reproach, and a heroic death.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Female education is of more importance as connected with domestic life. It is at home where man generally passes the largest portion of his time, where he seeks a refuge from the vexations and embarrassments of business, and an enchanting repose from exertion, a relaxation from care, by the interchange of affection; where some of the finest sympathies, tastes, and moral and religious feelings are formed and nourished; where is the treasure of pure and disinterested love, such as is seldom found in the busy walks of a selfish and calculating world. Nothing can be more desirable than to make one's domestic abode the highest object of his attachment and satisfaction.

Well-ordered home, man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care—clothing art
To raise her virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the ills of human life—
This be the female dignity and praise.

Neither rank, nor splendid mansions, nor expensively furnishing apartments, nor luxurious repasts, can accomplish these objects. They are to be obtained only from the riches of elevated principles, from the nobility of virtue, from the splendor of religious and moral beauty, from the banquet of refined taste, affectionate deportment, and intellectual pleasures. Intelligence and piety throw the brightest sunshine over the dwellings of private life, and these are the results of female education.

It is a sacred and home-felt delight,
A sober certainty of walking bliss.

She who can sustain an elevated course of conversation; whose mind soars above the trifles and common things of time and sense; who is distinguished for well digested opinions, sensible remarks, habits of thinking and observation, good judgment, and a well disciplined temper, is a perpetual source of blessings and exhilaration to all within her circle. She will make home all that is desirable, so that none of her household will need or wish to seek elsewhere for happiness. They will be able “to drink waters out of their own cisterns, and running waters out of their own wells.”

From a Lecture on p. 10.

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.

When a young girl reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen years, she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony; a state, the delights of which her youthful imagination shadows forth in the most captivating forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental discourse among her companions, and it is recurred to with increasing interest every time it is brought upon the tapis. When she grows a little older, she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks more intently on the all important subject. It engrosses her thoughts by day and her dreams by night; and she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth for whom she cherishes a secret, but consuming flame. She surveys herself in the mirror, and, as it generally tells "a flattering tale," she turns from it with a pleasing conviction, that her beauty will enable her to conquer the heart of the most obdurate, and that, whoever else may die in a state of "single blessedness," she is destined to become, ere many years roll by, a happy bride.

From the age of eighteen to twenty is the "very witching time" of life. During that period, the female heart is more susceptible of the soft and tender influences of love than at any other; and we appeal to our fair readers to say, whether, if inclination alone were consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place during that ticklish season, than in any by which it is preceded or followed. It is the grand climacter of love; and she who passes it, without entering into the state matrimonial, may chance to pass several years of her life, ere she is caught in the meshes of Hymen. The truth is, that the majority of women begin to be more thoughtful when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives place to the sobriety of the woman. Frivolity is succeeded by reflection; and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway. The cares and the anxieties of life press themselves more on the attention; and as its sober realities become more palpable, they tend to weaken the effect of the sanguine anticipations of unmingled felicity in the marriage state which the mind had formed in its youthful day-dreams. In short, to use a common phrase, women, after they are twenty-one, "look before they leap."

Matrimony, however, though not so ardently longed for by the damsel who has passed what we have styled the grand climacter of love, is never lost sight of, either by the youngest or the most aged spinster in his Majesty's dominions. It is a state on which the eyes of the whole female world are turned with the most pleasurable anticipations; and the spinster of forty is as full of hope, of one day being married, as the damsel of twenty-one. But sorry as we always are to utter any thing which may tend to damp the hopes or cloud the prospects of a fair lady, truth compels us to say, that, when once she has crossed the line, which, on the map of love, is marked thirty, the chances are fearfully against the probability of her obtaining a husband, even of the select age of forty or fifty. If she pass many degrees beyond the line, her state becomes almost hopeless, nay desperate, and she may reconcile herself to live and die an old maid. All experience confirms this lamentable truth. No wonder, therefore, that women make a mighty secret of their age, and that they occasionally tell a pardonable fib, in the attempt to induce the men to

believe they are several years younger than they really are. Who can blame them for practising a little finesse on this awful subject, seeing that the rage, if divulged, must utterly annihilate the chances of their ever enjoying the blessings of wedded love!

Experience, as we have said, confirms this lamentable truth, that females who have passed the line seldom reach the harbor of matrimony. Lest any of our fair readers should lay the "flatteringunction to their souls," that though they have crossed that awful point in the voyage of life, they shall yet escape the rocks on which if they strike, all hopes of wedlock must be forever abandoned, we shall present them with a table, which, whilst it will exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages, will prove the truth of the positions which have been already advanced on the subject. The table to which we are about to draw their attention is extracted from the "report of the select committee of the House of Commons on the laws respecting friendly societies." It was drawn up by Dr. Granville, a physician and accoucher of very extensive practice, connected with several public institutions in the metropolis. The doctor, whose attention had been directed to the statistical questions of the increase of population among the poor, thought that the public institutions to which he belonged might be made available in obtaining the information which he wanted. For this purpose he put questions to the females, who from time to time came under his care, to ascertain the earliest age at which women of the poorer classes marry. He submitted to the committee the registered cases of 876 women; and the following table, derived from the answers as to the age at which they respectively married, is the first ever constructed to exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages. Of the 876 females, there were married,

Years of age.		Years of age.	
3	at 13	28	27
11	14	22	28
16	15	17	29
43	16	9	30
45	17	7	31
76	18	5	32
115	16	7	33
118	20	5	34
86	21	2	35
85	22	0	86
59	23	2	37
53	24	0	38
56	25	1	38
24	26		

It is to be borne in mind, that the females whose relative ages at the time of their marriage are above exhibited, were all of the lower classes. Among an equal number from the middling or the higher classes, we should not probably find so many as 195, or more than one fifth married under the age of 19; or so few as one sixteenth part after 28; or only one thirtieth part after thirty.

From this curious statistical table, our fair readers may form a pretty accurate judgment of the chances which they have of entering into the holy state of matrimony, and of enjoying the sweets (we say nothing of the bitters) of wedded love. They ought always however, to remember that such of them as, independently of personal charms, possess the more powerful recommendation of property, will be deemed eligible as wives whatever may be their age.

Why is a beautiful woman like a ship of war in action? Because she is *engaging*.

LITERARY.

Mr. Stodley has in Press, the story of the Cook in the Hen, a Spanish Romance.

Another volume of Mr. Buchanan's travels in the East, and through regions of great general interest, is announced.

The Boston traveller thus speaks of the Boston Token for 1829:

The engravings of "The Prairie," and "Saturday afternoon," are from paintings by Fisher, and are very good, very good indeed. The "Italian Boulevards" and "The Academic Grove," are of a lofty, gorgeous character, while the "Seaman's Widow" is as soft, and just, and melancholy, as the story which illustrates it—The "Capture of Andre," is not so good—the attitude of the soldier refusing the purse is excellent, but the Major's right leg and foot are abominable—the latter looks more like a horse's hoof.

Of the literary part, we can also speak in terms of praise. The "Seaman's Widow," by Grenville Mellen, of Portland, is a simple narrative, without any point to help it along, and which owes its whole merit to the fine thought and language. It is a story of feeling; the description of the gradual drooping away of a young bride under the absence of her husband, whose profession calls him to the Mediterranean. She pines, and pines, and sinks in presentiment of woe, and the approach of her decease, until there comes a rumor that her husband has been engaged in a gallant action, in which, although successful, he has been severely wounded. This rumor becomes a newspaper paragraph, and we admire the touching poetical manner in which the effect of it is described:

"When Helen read the intelligence, at length assuming some credible shape, there was no violent burst of grief, no wailing of despair, but the little hope that had hitherto sustained her seemed suddenly withrawn, and she settled downward to the earth, as though an overpowering and overshadowing presence was upon her." p. 32.

We think that passage alone would entitle Mr. Mellen to a good reputation. We wish, however, that he would select names more musical for his hero and heroine—"James" is well enough, and "Helen" we always like; but "Kirkwood" and "Fraser" are most unepicurean—"The confessions of a Belle" are vivaciously, and carelessly told—too easy to be true, and yet there is a smack of candor about them that leaves an inexperienced Bachelor in doubt. She says at the commencement, "Cruelty was my motto;" and we believe her—we have seen that sort of thing tried very often by young ladies, at their first soirees. They generally find it does not answer beyond the first season.

Many belles might make their confessions, but we imagine very few with as much spirit, wit, and truth, as this fair penitent of the Token.

"The Ruse," by the Editor, Mr. Willis—a very dramatically managed Love story—Philip Blondel, and Alice Blair, are the most sensible pair of lovers we have met with in a long time; and yet they are very much in love too, which makes it so surprising. The author's definition of a popular man at college, is to the life—exact; we have seen such fellows a hundred times, and we never saw a popular fellow who was not exactly the man described here. Is it not an anachronism, Mr. Willis, to marry your couple after one publication of him? And is it not a solecism to expect a student for committing matrimony?

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18.

A new weekly paper called the Irish Shield, has been established at New York. It is devoted to the cause of Irishmen and Catholics.

We have received the Opera Glass. It is a very tolerably decent looking paper, but reads better than it looks. There is a good deal of stiffness and formality in the style of getting it up.

THE HAPPY MATCH.—The story of the Happy Match, in to-day's paper, although repeatedly published in the newspapers, is of that pleasant, delightful character, which the reader looks at a second, and a third time, with increased admiration. It appeared originally in the Trenton Emporium, and is from the pen of Stacy G. Potts, Esq. Editor of that paper. Mr. Potts was the author of numerous articles of the same kind, and such was the delightful interest which he threw into his sketches, and his happy style—a style peculiar to himself—that they were universally copied into the papers of the Union, and, like the sterling plays of Shakspeare, still keep possession of the stage. They were afterwards collected and published in a volume, the whole edition of which, consisting of twelve hundred copies, met with a rapid sale.—At present, Mr. Potts, estranged from the paths of literature, is toiling in the mazes of political controversy, at the head of the Emporium, and has made that paper one of the main supporters of General Jackson in New Jersey.

Ladies' Magazine.—We have received a few numbers of this infant periodical, and have looked over them with great satisfaction. It is conducted by Mrs. Hale, (well known as one of the first female writers of America) reputably to herself, and profitably to subscribers. The price is low—\$3 a year—for which nearly fifty pages of entirely original matter are given every month. The work is got up in the elegant style of Boston typography, on beautiful paper, and with new type.

The Ladies' Magazine is but little known in Philadelphia—not because the work possesses too little merit to push itself into circulation, but because no pains have been taken to let us know that such a work existed. Measures, however, are in train, to invite the patronage of our citizens to this work, so deservedly popular wherever it has been introduced into circulation. We can safely recommend it to our friends as being well worth the price. The female portion of the community should patronise the work. It is established solely for their amusement and edification, by furnishing them with a description of reading calculated, of all others,

“To raise the genius and to mend the heart.”

The work abounds in biographies of American females—a subject too much neglected in this country—in Essays, moral, and facetious, in Tales, especially fitted for female perusal, in Poetry, and in other articles of a kind suitable for the sex. So far, the Ladies' Magazine has been conducted with a spirit and ability worthy of its conductor, and destined, ultimately, still further to elevate her reputation, and the literature of the country.

Mrs. Anne Royall's Black Book.—The present is most emphatically the age of book-making; authors and authoresses are ever and anon sending forth their cogitations to the world—some of which live for four or six months, in the memories of those who on their first appearance, read them because they are new, and thinking they may not be uninteresting—and last, the reason with by far the major part of the readers of these ephemeral works, is, that its perusal will add another tome, which they have worried through—and thus the better enhance the opinion of their literary importance. The question so tauntingly asked but a few years since, by a London Review, of “who reads an American book?” has been answered both to the

honour and pride of our country, and to the satisfaction of our transatlantic neighbors themselves. Yet books have been showered upon us at home, which have never found a reading among half our own enlightened community. Books, though for the most part, are voluntarily purchased, are nevertheless sometimes actually forced upon the generosity of our citizens, through the semblance of distress, sometimes real, and oftentimes feigned, which the authors bear. But, rarely do we find a work, whose author will oblige you to purchase, whether you will or not, (although you may be too well aware of the unreal value for which your money is taken,) like the distinguished personage whose name stands at the head of this article.

Every body has heard of Mrs. Royall—the terror of editors—the bane of booksellers—the tormentor of those who are not sufficiently rapid to admire her productions—characterized as they are, by scoffs at religion—by a violence of ungrammatical language—and whose only interest is derived from her description of her own laughable impudence, and the treatment she received in various parts of the Union. Mrs. Royall is the wife of a gentleman who was, it is said, active in the arduous struggle of the Revolution. Upon this, his wife lays claim to the license which she has taken, to abuse all to whom she applies, who do not purchase her black-book. It is but justice, however, to say, that her description of natural scenery is vivid, and natural, and excepting the petty invective which it is her forte to mix with every thing, will be read, perhaps, with attention. As her travels were very extensive, it cannot be expected that we should follow her through all her way; but, as a specimen of her style, and the courteous manner in which she belabors “all and sundry,” we will give her opinion of some of our worthy citizens—and her reception in this said metropolis. For the reason she herself gives in the following extract, she first called on Mr. Walsh, editor of the American Quarterly Review.

“Upon my arrival in Philadelphia, I found that my sketches, so popular in New England, New York, and Boston, had not answered my expectation. This surprised me the more, as Philadelphia is a place of some refinement and reading. Upon the whole, I strongly suspected the booksellers, as I found the people were entirely ignorant of the books being in the city, and bought them liberally after my arrival. Being told that Mr. Walsh was a great hand to puff off books, I called at his office; he was not there; I went to his house. His children, at once the finest and best informed children in the city, gave me a very polite reception indeed. But W. was in his room, and could not be seen. I sent him my book, and said I would call again. Next morning I expected to see a great and learned puff—looked at the paper—no puff! Next day the same—not a word. I went to his house, expecting to be honored by an interview. No such thing. “Pa never speaks to any body at all—he is always very much engaged; I am very sorry.” After every decent attempt to see him, I quitted the house, resolving never to step foot in it again. Had he been a gentleman, he would either have returned the book or paid the money for it. All this was unaccountable, being the first time I was ever refused admittance to any gentleman. I was wrong to hunt up W., but who does not hunt him up who has trifling books to sell? But then they have money to pay, I had none; W. knew that very well, and he knew something else—but more of him hereafter.”

This female wolf next called on Dr. Physick—one of our most eminent physicians, of whom she speaks in the following lady-like manner:—

“I also waited on the celebrated and far famed Dr. P., who stands at the head

of the medical faculty, and seems to be the idol of Philadelphia. From what I had heard, I expected to be in raptures with Dr. P. I knocked at his pompous house, and was told he was in his study, or office rather. It being pointed out, I walked thither, and meeting a tall, stout, dark visaged, middle aged man, at the gate, I asked “if he was Doctor P.” “Yes,” said he, “I am Dr. P.” I observed, that being a traveller, I called to pay to him my respects. He did not absolutely push me over, in his haste to depart; but, to say the least, he made a very clownish exit.”

Our doughty heroine of the quill was not to be intimidated by her failure in her first attempt to see Mr. Walsh—but her after efforts were equally unsuccessful, until,

“It will be recollected that all my attempts to get a sight of him, proved abortive. One day, however, (no matter when) I stepped suddenly into Messrs. Carey & Lea's bookstore, intent on my own business. As I was saying something hastily to one of the clerks, without the counter, I observed H. Carey, and another gentleman, sitting in earnest conversation. Carey's face was directly opposite to me; and, from his bending his head downward, I discovered he strove to avoid me—keeping my eye upon them, as I spoke to the clerk, I discovered Carey's face turn as red as scarlet; what the man with his back to me said, I did not overhear, as he spoke in a whisper; but I heard Carey say, in a low voice, “she never stays long.” I asked the clerk who that was talking with Mr. Carey. But the clerk had had his cue, and shook his head in silence. I walked up to them, and moving in front of the unknown, told him “he need not be alarmed; I was only a terror to evil doers.” The fellow grinned, but was silent. I asked Mr. Carey to introduce me, but he refused. I took a good view of him, however, and was withdrawing, when, meeting a gentleman at the door, I asked him who that was, pointing to the man—he answered, it was Robert Walsh. I turned back, and saluted him by name; but he received me again with a broad grin, and made the best of his way out at the back door; some did say that he never stopped running till he arrived at Boston. Mr. Walsh is of middling height, spare make, narrow across the shoulders, black hair, dark, sallow complexion, with a long, thin visage, and lantern jaws; his eye is a dark gray, his teeth are long and broad, which he shows at full length when laughing, or grinning, rather.—His countenance is gloomy and morose; he is a man of vulgar manners, or rather no manners at all. He is said to be a man of genius, but there is no indication of it in his countenance. In justice to him, he has the handsomest and best behaved children in Philadelphia. I should think he was over forty years of age, and of a very raw appearance.”

But it would be occupying too much of our columns, to give further specimens of Mrs. Royall. She called, while here, on many of our most amiable and esteemed divines, whom she has abused with her usual virulence—and even the deceased and venerated Joseph Eastburn, whose name is never mentioned, except in terms of the highest praise, for his goodness of heart, and the purity of his character, she thus notices.—Speaking of the freedom of religion, she says—“They are in full possession of every liberty, but that of hanging heretics. They are itching to get hold of the halter. St. Eastburn could drink a quart of blood himself.”

If Mrs. Royall has talent (and she certainly has, tact at writing,) for making books—and if they

are either to be forced upon the public, or the people who refuse to be abused for refusing, let it at least be composed of language, which would not disgrace those "Syrens" who promenade our streets at certain seasons, "chanting the eulogy of deceased mackerel."

The Lakes of America.—We published a paragraph some time since, in which it was stated that Lake Superior was gradually wearing away the barrier which prevented the discharge of its waters into the lakes below, and that fears were entertained of a sudden inundation, before many years should have passed. Some attention has been drawn to this fact—for a fact it is stated to be—and intelligent gentlemen living on the borders of the lakes have investigated the subject with considerable scrutiny. Some of the facts which follow, are the result.

The floods, this season, which have prevailed in the lakes, have been greater than those for many years past. A regular ebb and flood exists in the lakes, not like that in the ocean, but occurring every seven years, and proceeding from a different and unknown cause. It is contended by some persons that this is not the fact; and that the cause of the unusual height of the waters this season, is owing to the great snows and rains of the preceding winter. They refer, triumphantly, the high water of 1827 to the same cause. According to their theory, the water should have begun to fall in 1827—but the fact is, it was then some inches higher than it had been the preceding year. Last winter, 1827—8, is known to have furnished few falls of snow, and comparatively, few of rain; and in the regions of the lakes, there was less than had been for many years previous, and the spring rains were not more than ordinary round Lake Superior, Michigan and Huron, though they were heavy on Erie and Ontario; yet all the lakes below Superior are this summer much higher than they were last; and higher, too, than they were known to be by the oldest person living in their vicinity. Lake Superior is now much lower than it has been for three years past. This fact is accounted for by the circumstance of large fragments of rocks having been recently removed from the head of the Rapids between Superior, by the action of the water on the barrier of lime-rock which fences up this immense sheet of water eighteen feet above Lake Huron. This circumstance clearly demonstrates that Lake Superior is gradually washing away the barrier which keeps its waters in their proper place, and satisfactorily accounts for the difference in the gauge of the waters below.

This interesting subject is now exciting much attention at the west, among the people most concerned in the preservation of the present order of things. The shores of Lake Superior are an embankment of rocks from 300 to 1500 feet high; and it is natural to suppose that they once enclosed a much more formidable body of water that now composes the lake. Apprehensions, then, are not lightly entertained, that this tremendous reservoir (for in many places it is unfathomable) will one day suddenly break its bounds, and scatter death and desolation on every thing below. A channel of this kind is now evidently making, or has been made within the last three years: for this summer a schooner of the largest class passed down the rapids from Superior into Huron, in perfect safety. No vessel larger than a bateau had ever attempted the like before. It is impossible to imagine the confusion and ruin which a disaster, such as is here anticipated, would entail upon the fertile and thickly settled region of country between Superior and the Falls of Niagara. The sudden discharge of a body of water of the size of Lake Superior, would carry with it the extermination of a deluge. In Vermont, some years ago, very extensive damages were done by the sudden discharge of a lake two miles long, the barrier of which was cut through, to increase the water power of the mills below. Every thing, for many miles below—houses, mills, and whole farms, were utterly destroyed.

The Morgan Mania.—We are not disposed to pronounce an opinion on the subject of the alleged abduction of Morgan. The public mind has become so highly inflamed by the swarm of publications on both sides—charges made by one party, and hurled back with bitter taunts by the other—so that it would seem almost impossible to reach a just conclusion in estimating the merits of the dispute. Every mode of warfare which untiring partisanship could suggest, has been mutually adopted to enlist adherents, so that in a great measure, the real merits of the question have been lost sight of, and have given way to torrents of personal abuse and persecution. In particular districts—through the whole of the New York state—in Lancaster county, Penn. in some parts of Connecticut, and in other places—as much is written, read, and talked about it, as about the Presidential question. The crusade against masonry is rapidly extending over the country; and there is a danger, from present appearances, of our whole population being enlisted as parties to the quarrel.

The fact of such an excitement existing, is not to be wondered at, nor is it a subject of congratulation. The people of all countries have a fondness for the marvellous and mysterious, which is ever on the lookout to be gratified; and which, when excited, can with difficulty be restrained. If a history of popular excitements were written, many instances might be adduced to show the wonderful interest which people take in things they do not understand. The man in the Iron Mask would yield materials for a lengthy chapter, and the Ghost in Cock Lane would figure largely in its pages. England alone—the people of which seem more given to run after the mysterious than any other nation—would furnish numberless instances of the public mind having been excited to a great extent by trifling causes. In looking over a volume of the History of England, a few days ago, we came across the following remarkable illustration of the truth of this remark. As it resembles, in some respects, the case of Morgan, we transfer it to our columns—not, however, to cast ridicule upon the anti-masonic party, but to show how extensively the public mind may be inflamed by light and transient causes, or by the shallow tricks of money-hunting rogues—

The metropolis of England was divided and discomposed in a surprising manner, by a dispute, in itself of so little consequence to the community, that it could not deserve a place in general history, if it did not serve to convey a characteristic idea of the English nation. In the beginning of the year, an obscure damsel, of low degree, whose name was Elizabeth Canning, promulgated a report, which in little time attracted the attention of the public. She affirmed, that on the first day of the new year at night, she was seized under Bedlam wall, by two ruffians, who, having stripped her of her apparel, secured her mouth with a gag, and threatened to murder her should she make the least noise; that they conveyed her on foot about ten miles, to a place called Enfield Wash; and brought her to the house of one Mrs. Wells, where she was pillaged of her stays; and, because she refused to turn prostitute, confined in a cold, damp, separate, unfurnished apartment, where she remained a whole month, without any other sustenance than a few stale crusts of bread, and about a gallon of water; till at length she forced her way through a window, and ran home to her mother's house, almost naked, in the night of the 29th of January. This story, improbable and unsupported, operated so strongly on the passions of the people in the neighborhood of Aldermanbury, where Canning's mother lived, and particularly among fanatics of all denominations, that they raised voluntary contributions, with surprising eagerness, in order to bring the supposed delin-

quents to justice. Warrants were granted for apprehending Wells, who kept the house at Enfield Wash, and her accomplices, the servant maid, whose name was Virtue Hall, and one Squires, an old gipsy woman, which last was charged by Canning, of having robbed her of her stays.—Wells, though acquitted of the felony, was punished as a bawd. Hall turned evidence for Canning, but afterwards recanted. Squires, the gipsy, was convicted of the robbery, though she produced undoubted evidence to prove she was at Abbotbury, Dorsetshire, that very night in which the felony was said to be committed, and Canning and her friends fell into divers contradictions during the course of the trial. By this time, the prepossession of the common people in her favor had risen to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that the most palpable truth which appeared on the other side, had no other effect than that of exasperating them to the most dangerous degree of revenge and outrage.—Some of the witnesses for Squires, though persons of unblemished character, were so intimidated, that they durst not enter the court; and those who had resolution enough to give evidence in her behalf, ran the risk of assassination from the vulgar that surrounded the place. On this occasion, Sir Crisp Gascoyne, lord mayor of London, behaved with that laudable courage and humanity, which ought ever to distinguish the chief magistrate of such a metropolis. Considering the improbability of the charge, the heat, partiality, and blind enthusiasm with which it was prosecuted, and convinced of the old woman's innocence by a great number of affidavits, voluntarily sent up from the country, by persons of unquestionable credit, he, in conjunction with some other worthy citizens, resolved to oppose the torrent of vulgar prejudice. Application was made to the throne for mercy: the case was referred to the attorney and solicitor-general, who, having examined the evidences on both sides, made their report in favor of Squires, to the king and council; and this poor old creature was indulged with his majesty's pardon. This affair was now swelled up into such a faction, as divided people in all parts of the kingdom, including the rich as well as the poor, the high as well as the humble. Pamphlets and pasquinades were published on both sides of dispute, which became the general topic of conversation in all assemblies, and people of all ranks espoused one or other party with as much warmth and animosity as had ever inflamed the whigs and tories, even at the most rancorous period of their opposition. Subscriptions were opened, and large sums levied on one side, to prosecute for perjury the persons on whose evidence the pardon had been granted. On the other hand, those who had interested themselves for the gipsy, resolved to support her witnesses, and if possible, detect the imposture of Canning. Bills of perjury were preferred on both sides. The evidences for Squires were tried and acquitted; at first Canning absconded; and afterwards surrendered to take her trial, and being, after a long hearing, found guilty, was transported to the British colonies. The zeal of her friends, however, seemed to be inflamed by her conviction, and those who carried on the prosecution against her were insulted, even to the danger of their lives.—They supplied her with necessaries of all sorts, paid for her transportation in a private ship, where she enjoyed all the comforts and conveniences that could be afforded in that situation, and furnished her with such recommendations as secured her a very agreeable reception in New England.

This is indeed a war for a grasshopper—a battle for a tadpole. Another instance, more nearly approaching the case of Morgan, remains to be cited. Many years ago, a book was published in London, under the title of "Jachin and Boaz;" professing to reveal the secrets of masonry. At first, the work excited but little attention, and remained upon the publisher's hands. A mysterious movement was necessary to make it sell. The author suddenly disappeared. The newspapers got hold of it—and the Masons were openly charged with having murdered him for disclosing their awful mysteries. The story spread like wild-fire, and a most intense feeling of interest took possession of all London. His book sold for a guinea a copy, and thousand upon thousand of them were sold. At the end of two or three years, when the popular clamor had subsided, the author returned; and so elated was he at the golden harvest he had reaped from the credulity of the public, that he openly declared he had made a princely fortune by the trick! On learning this, the public mind was quite as much inflamed against him, as it had previously been in his favor, and he was then obliged to fly in downright earnest, to avoid assassination.

This case has been cited as the scheme from which the plot of Morgan's abduction has been copied—and it is asserted by one party that he will yet appear, and laugh at the quillibility of Americans in believing it possible that so atrocious an outrage could be committed among us. So dangerous, however, has the Morgan excitement become, that some measures should be speedily adopted to allay it. Its ravages have already been felt in many districts, in dividing houses against themselves, in sundering private friendships, and splitting up the country into bitterly vindictive parties. If Morgan has been really carried off, the strong arm of government should be rigorously extended to detect the outrage: and if he has accreted himself for money-making purposes, enough of his books have been sold to pay him handsomely for his three years' exile.

ADDRESS

Delivered by Mr. Wood, at the opening of the Arch Street Theatre.

It came from Heaven! the realms of time to tread,
And summon forth the long forgotten dead;
Their deeds of guilt and goodness to unfold,
The garnered glories of the days of old.
It came from Heaven! to soar where fancy reigns,
And rouse the phantoms of her bright domains;
Their wildest haunts, their loftiest heights explore,
And lead man on, to wonder and adore.
Genius! these gifts are thine; tis thine, sweet power,

With these, to soothe and sway life's shifting hour;
To nerve the soul, to wake young virtue's glow,
And bid the tears of grief and rapture flow;
'Tis thine, with these, to rule each clime and age,
To kindle subjects, and to move the stage!
The pencil's boast, the chisel's skill decay,
And wisdom's noblest record fades away;
But, here, untouched by time's devouring tooth,
The picture's group, puts on immortal youth;
Here the bold deed that in the marble spoke,
Again revives new plaudits to provoke;
And the proud truth that graced the mouldering page

Still pleads triumphant, echoed from the stage;
Here gathering round in long departed days,
Earth's master minstrels poured their deathless lays;

D-scending down, thro' each descending race,
Still came the gifted to adorn the place;
With love to soften, and with wit to charm,
To mock with folly, and with guilt alarm;
While o'er each scene, to sac'd *d'fading* dear,
Taste smiled applause, and beauty dropp'd a tear.
Long, long for these, may this fair temple stand,
The pride and promise of our happier land.
Our happier land! forever live that choir
On virtue's rolls, as in the blast of fame;
So rival shores, while adding they behold
Our young orb rising, to eclipse the old,
May with our greatness find our goodness page,
To mark indeed, a new, a better age.
Within these walls, in some inspiring day,
May native hands, our native deeds portray,
Small foreign legends still go brightening down,
And old oblivion's night-shawl veil our own?
Look round the spot, to faith and firmness dear,

Finds no rapt spirit fit incensement here?
Here, where the Indian roved in nature's pride,
And built his fires, and loved, and warred, and died?
Here, where his holy, hane the pilgrim reared,
And gave an empire to the God he feared?
Here, for that Empire where the pariah bled?
Here, where the loud invader turned and fled?
These are the themes to stir your song youth,
Their father's valor and their father's truth;
These be the themes to grace the swelling dome;
In pleasure's courts let freedom find a home;
While virtue sits all radiant in her light,
The guiding priestess of each glorious rite,
And O, when ye who now enraptured gaze,
Shall yield to other throngs and other days,
Still may this altar beam its purest fires,
To charm the children as they charm the sires.

TO THE LADIES.

Female delicacy is a subject upon which my thoughts delight to ruminate, and upon which I shall now attempt to form a speculation. Although I am conscious of being unequal to a task which requires so delicate a hand, such refinement of sentiment, and such purity of thought, as well as such elegance of language, yet my fair readers will forgive the attempt, when I assure them, that I wish for no higher satisfaction than to notice their advancement in mental and moral, as well as external perfection; and to share in that happiness which such perfection will ensure to themselves and to the rest of the world.

It ill becomes him who is born of a woman, to speak degradingly of the sex. It less becomes him, who is not only born of a woman, but is indebted, in a considerable degree, to female attention and assiduity, to female conversation and example, and to female tenderness and delicacy, that his mind was early opened to intelligence, and his appetites and passions have been inured to control; that his sentiments have been refined, his manners polished, his steps withheld from danger, and directed to safety and wisdom, his bosom relieved of its cares, and his life illumined with pleasures. And least of all does it become him to disparage the sex, who, to his personal obligations, can add his philanthropy; who professes to be a friend of mankind; who knows the influence which woman has upon man, and the hand she has, or might have, in promoting the virtue and happiness of families, of larger communities and of the world.

Our omnipotent creator, whose wisdom and benignity shine conspicuous in all his works, has formed the female sex, if I may be indulged the expression, with a delicate hand. The slender texture of their bodies, the softness of their features, the tunefulness of their voices, the general placidness of their tempers and tenderness of their hearts, together with a similar niceness in their intellectual powers, denote a characteristic delicacy with which their education and employment, their sentiments and views, their conversation and behaviour, and I curs with and towards them, should exactly correspond. So that my idea of female delicacy is complex and comprehensive. It includes whatever is delicate in the structure of their frames, in the faculties of their minds, in the disposition of their hearts, in their sentiments, in their tastes, in their words, in their actions. But while it excludes not that delicacy in their bodies or minds which is merely natural, it regards principally that which is acquired; which is the effect of culture and education; which results from an early and assiduous care to preserve and establish the native innocence and purity of the heart, to correct and govern the passions, to refine and elevate the sentiments, and to render the conversation and manners more and more engaging. In short, the delicacy which I mean,

and which I wish to recommend, is an inward sense of propriety which regulates and beautifies the whole conduct; and an unsettled, unsuited, and inflexible virtue and sweetness of temper, beaming forth in every thing that is done. This will heighten the delicacy of the features and air—for it is levelness itself.

Every moral writer and thinker knows, and every moral liver feels, that there is something so beautiful in virtue as will attract affection, and something so deformed and ugly in vice, as will excite aversion in every rightly attuned breast. It argues, therefore, an indelicacy of mind to cherish perverse humors and give way to faulty propensities. The more delicate the taste of the soul is, the greater is its abhorrence of every thing that borders on vice, or savors of impiety. The heart which is attuned to the refined exercises of virtue, of devotion, and religion, and which cannot consent to any deficiency in its gratitude and obedience to God, or in justice and benevolence to man, discovers a delicacy superior to the most exquisite taste in economy, cookery, and embroidery, and in music, painting and poetry. The mind that does not feel and acknowledge its obligations; that does not wish to possess and exercise all the virtues and graces which are prescribed for the adorning of human nature, and for the attainment of perfection and felicity, is as deficient in taste and delicacy as it is in goodness.

Such are my ideas of female delicacy: And though they may be thought by some to be too refined or diffuse, yet it must be owned that a behaviour in the sex, corresponding with such ideas—a course of conduct formed upon such maxims, will exalt their characters, add a lustre to all other charms, and secure their hearts from seduction, their lives from blemish, and their bosoms from remorse. And it is easier to conceive than to describe the happy alterations which such sentiments and manners would produce in the other sex, both as to exalted morals and rational enjoyment. Vice and misery would be greatly diminished, virtue and happiness proportionably advanced. It is the wish of my heart, that wives, mothers, and daughters, would peruse with candor and docility the hints here offered, and by reducing them to practice, try the experiment how amiable and happy they will render them. VIATOR.

A DUELIST.

There is a French General, a man of fortune and of highly respectable family, who has fought an almost incredible number of duels. It is positively certain that he has killed as many as forty persons in different duels; and he is known to be so excellent a shot, that he can cut the snuff of a candle at any distance to which a pistol will carry. Being conscious of this advantage, he values himself upon it, and will offer a challenge upon the very slightest provocation. As, however, his character became known, he was avoided by all as much as possible; even the coffee-house he frequented, lost some of its custom in consequence, and such persons as could not help seeing him there, studiously endeavored to take their seat on the other side of the room. One day, by chance, there came in a stranger—a very fine young man of about twenty-two years of age: he was sitting with a newspaper in his hand when the General entered, but not in the seat he usually occupied, and therefore could not be said in any way to interfere with him. But the General was in a humor for defiance, and

at that moment was in want of something by way of excitement. He walked up to the young man, and looked at him with an air of great impudence. The other, however, was intent on his news, and did not observe him; but there was next a loud hem, and he raised his eyes. The impudent look was continued. The young man, at a loss to comprehend it, made an involuntary gesture of surprise. "What do you mean by that?" said the General: "surely I may look at you if I think proper?" "Unquestionably," replied the other; "but I thought you seemed offended."—"Perhaps I might, when I had a great lubber like you before my eyes," returned the general in a contemptuous and teasing tone. The young man was perfectly astonished; but a little anger could hardly fail to be mixed with his reply.—"Surely I have as much right to sit in a public *café* as yourself."—"In fact, have you?" A pretty fellow, truly! retorted the General in the most irritating manner. "And I shall continue to sit here as long as suits my convenience; so I beg that I may not be annoyed," added the young man in a decided tone, and some slight indication of wariness. "Mighty fine!" said his tormentor, laughing at the same time in his face, and expressing as much contempt as he could by an appropriate shrug. The poor fellow began to lose his patience at the wanton and conceivably insulting to which he found himself exposed, and began to express his resentment. All he said was answered in a cool and vexatious manner by the General, till at last he upbraided him in no very measured terms. The General then replied:—"As you have thought fit to be angry, young gentleman, we had better settle the affair to-morrow morning." They accordingly exchanged cards, and the meeting was appointed.

The young man left the house, as may be imagined, in some agitation; and when he reflected on what had passed, he could hardly believe that it was a reality. He seemed rather to have suffered from the delirium of a fever, than to have passed through an actual scene; the affront was so totally unprovoked and causeless, that he could hardly persuade himself that it had absolutely occurred; he could not bring himself to believe that he was now standing in jeopardy between life and death. In the mean time his friends had heard of what had happened, and gave additional information respecting the person who had challenged him. They told him of his character and exploits, and too truly convinced him that, according to the usual mode of firing, he could have no chance of his life. He was of course unwilling to fight with the odds so fearfully against him; and, being the party who received the challenge, he resolved to avail himself of the customary privilege of choosing his weapons. He therefore proposed that one of the pistols should be loaded and the other unloaded, and that each party should choose them while they were covered with a napkin. The General consented. Accordingly they met on the appointed ground, and each drew his pistol. He fired. His had been the unloaded pistol. The General walked up to him, and tauntingly showed him his pistol. Held it up, turning it in all directions—boasted of his skill—asked him how far off he wished him to stand. "For it is all the same to me," said he; "you may choose your own distance; I am quite sure of you. Perhaps, indeed, people might say it was a pity; you are certainly a fine young fellow; you have only just begun the world, and might perhaps do some-

thing in it. I have a mind to let you go. Hey, what do you say to that? Shall I? Do you think you are worth more than my powder and shot?" He went on in a similar strain for about five minutes, playing with his victim as a cat does with a mouse—and holding him in suspense, just vibrating between life and death—sometimes directing his arguments towards one, and sometimes towards the other. The session concluded that this was all a jest, and a sort of justifiable tormenting. The young man was congratulating him on his escape; when the General put his pistol close to his heart, pulled the trigger—and he fell down dead at his feet.

The General may be seen almost every day in the most fashionable part of Paris, and he is pointed out to the strangers by the words "Behold the assassin!"

THE NEW SLOOP OF WAR, CONCORD.

The new sloop of war, *Concord*, of 18 guns, was launched at Portsmouth, N. H. on Monday week.

Bishop Chase of Ohio, offers to sell his farm to complete the buildings of Kenyon College.

Playmart, the bank robber, has not yet been arrested, as was reported.

The late equinoctial storm has passed over the country generally, without much damage.

Our southern fellow citizens are calling meetings and collecting money for the relief of the Irish Catholics.

A man in Boston had his pockets picked of \$2300—the robber has cleared himself.

United States schooner *Shark* has sailed from New York on a cruise.

The steam ship, *North America*, performed the trip from New York to Albany, 150 miles, in 10½ hours, last week.

Deaths in Philadelphia for the week ending last Saturday, 91—of which 45 were under age.

Mr. Perkins's great invention of the steam gun, is pronounced after full trial, an entire failure.

Another Raritan Canal Convention has just been held at Trenton. They are zealous in the canal cause.

Our northern horizon has been illuminated by *Aurora Borealis* for several evenings this week.

Mr. Winship, of Brighton, Mass. has a nursery of 540 kinds of fruits, trees, &c.

A portrait of commodore Preble has been presented to the corporation of Boston.

The drought this summer in Virginia, has killed forest trees of the largest size.

Strawberries have been presented to a New York editor. What a splutter about nothing.

Ohio papers are full of complaints of mortal sickness, but do not state the disease.

Flour is now selling in Montreal, at nine dollars a barrel—better news yet.

Chief Justice Marshall has just entered his seventy-fourth year.

There are 1600 Sunday Schools in New York state.

A monument to the founder of Harvard University has been erected at Charlestown, Mass.

Commodore Porter is said to have arrived at Mobile, on his way north.

United States schooner *Erie*, has sailed from New York on a secret cruise.

The Morgan trials in Canada have all been quashed.

A stage to hold 60 passengers, is building, and is to run between Washington, N. J. and Bordentown.

In the village of Strasburg, Va. 133 persons were, at the last dates, down with sickness.

Martin Van Buren is the Jackson candidate for Governor of New York.

A Mariners' church is about to be established at Cincinnati.

A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk who could bear *confinement*, has been answered by one who has lain *seven years in jail*. Won't that do?

An Alabama paper says that there is a "poncy club" in Carroll county, Georgia, who make it a business to steal horses from citizens as well as strangers. They are Clement enough to let the riders go, never stealing them. It looks a little like a fish story, however.

The Providence Cadet states that several persons who appeared in "*scarecrow dresses*" at the last Fall Review, have been fined to the extent of the law for appearing thus equipped.

Yankee Story.—A living eel is said to have been found in a duck's egg, at New Bedford! Fulge.

A woman has been tried at Baltimore for *bewitching* the market people. Had she been a young one, it would be more probable.

Four hundred and fifty Irishmen recently left New York in a body, for the Pennsylvania canals.

Two full grown bears were taken the other day in Vermont. One of them was very solicitous to taste the thigh of the tavern-keeper. These bears know a thing or two.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINE 3.—TO CAROLINE.

Were I to choose from all the fair,
That in the sunny south I've seen,
One that would claim a brother's care,
And will reward it too, I ween—
One that will be—one who is now
As fair a flower as e'en sprung
Among these wilds—upon whose brow
All that a poet ever sung
Of native excellence, is writ—
I'd choose, for whom this wreath I twine,
(Though I, alas, am all unfit)
I'd choose thee, lovely Caroline.

Sweet girl—for thee I'd gladly breathe
A brother's prayer, that all thy days
Might brightly pass as now, beneath
The star of Hope's unclouded rays—
That thou might'st sweetly—calmly glide,
Adown the billowy stream of time—
And oh, may virtue—science, guide
Thy youth; and of this sunny clime,
The choicest blessings all be thine:
And may'st thou live beloved, and love
Without a fear, sweet Caroline,
While through these scenes of bliss you rove.

Accept this boon, dear girl, from one
Who in the frozen North hath left
All that he lov'd—who now, alone,
Must roam—of friends, of all bereft:
Who ne'er can love as he hath lov'd,
Yet feels, e'en now, that he must weep
To leave this spot, where he hath rovd
A little space, like one in sleep;
For he hath seen, as in a dream,
A fairy form before him pass,
And bright eyes mildly on him beam—
But now awake, he feels alas,
That ev'ry chord hath not been wrung,
Now ev'ry softer feeling sear'd,
That once around his heart were flung.
When he was blest with friends, endear'd
By ties that bind the youthful heart
To those it loves so close, so deep,
While yet it beats it ne'er can part,
Nor eold oblivion o'er it creep.

ALBERTUS.

Mount Salem, 31. Sept. 12.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The stanzas to C. M. and the lines to Autumn, are too imperfectly written for the Ariel. We recommend *prose* to our friend, as more suiting his unfolding talents.

New England Weekly Review.—This paper is published at Hartford, Conn., by Mr. Prentiss, well known to the literati as a writer of bold and original talents, in almost every department of literature. We have frequently selected from his columns, no doubt with profit to our readers; and shall continue to avail ourselves of his valuable paper to contribute still further to their pleasure. In humorous writing, Mr. Prentiss is very happy, as the sketch of "Rev. Able Bliss," will most satisfactorily witness. We meant to say a word or two in reply to his remarks upon American newspapers, which he denounces as a disgrace to the country—without any cause, unless it be to attract a little notice. Editors, of all others, should be the last to underrate their own papers—for subscribers will then be induced to pay more reluctantly than they do already. However, we will not quarrel with him. We merely meant to say, that the following lines from the last Review, are distinguished by uncommon melody, and sentiment, and by every thing that constitutes good poetry.

TO ———

Fair faces now are smiling—forms of light
Are moving gracefully through the bending crowd,
Bright eyes are flashing, and high souls are bow'd
To beauty's soft dominion—for to night,
The gay have gathered far from hall and bower
To taste the sweets of pleasure's festal hour.

It is a scene to make the young heart bound,
Beneath the influence of smile and song,
Like a wild fountain, which, imprison'd long,
At last has gladly overleap'd its mound—
And bursting into life, all mirth and play,
Rejoices dancing in the noon-tide ray.

I gaz'd awhile upon them—but with eyes
Which drank not of the cup of their delight,—
For other scenes were present to my sight,
And fancy bade another form arise.
Oh dearer, sweeter, though a child of air,
Than all the living charms that cluster there.

And I have wander'd out beneath the sky,
To hold sweet converse with the stars and thee:
"For I have lov'd thee"—yet thou art to me,
E'en as the stars that wheel so bright, and high,
And inaccessible, their glorious race—
That man may worship—but can ne'er embrace.

Oh to my heaving bosom—Love, thou art
As the pale moon is to the ocean-tide—
That beautiful but cold and distant bride,
Whose presence fills her lover's swelling heart
With high and joyous aspirations—never
To be fulfill'd—yet throbbing on for ever.

I should not love thee thus—and will not, Dearest,
For fate unchangeable has placed—alas!
A bar between us which I must not pass.—
I will not think of thee with sigh or tear,—
Yet I may gaze on yon blue canopy—
Although it breathes of beauty, love, and thee.

But I may dream, that from thy wave-girt home,
Thou too dost stray beneath those glittering isles,
With soul all transport, and with face all smiles,
While on that balcony I saw thee roam,
And thought thee, Dearest, purer, brighter, far,
Than the rich firmament's most gorgeous star.

ROUND MY OWN PRETTY ROSE.

Round my own pretty Rose I have hover'd all day,
I have seen its sweet leaves one by one fall away.
They are gone, they are gone, but I go not with them;

No, I linger to weep on the desolate stem.
They say if I rove to the South I shall meet
With hundreds of Roses more fair and more sweet;
But my heart, when I'm tempted to wander, replies,
Here my first love—my last love—my only love lies.

When I sprang from the home where my plumage
was nurs'd,

'Twas one pretty Rose that attracted me first;
We have loved all the summer, and now that the chill
Of the winter comes o'er us, I'm true to thee still.
When the last leaf is withered, and falls to the earth,
The false ones to southerly climes may fly forth,
But truth cannot fly from his sorrow;—he dies
Where his first love—his last love—his only love
lies.

THE TRUMPET.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon pyre!
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire!

A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast;
And hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past!

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The monarch hears the thrilling call,
And raises from the earth!

The mother on her first born son
Looks with a boding eye.—
They come not back, though all he won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en from the marriage altar crown'd,
The lover quits his bride!

And all this haste, and change and fear,
By earthly clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead.

Oh, mock me not! my brow is cold,
My eyes, no longer bright,
Speak more than these pale lips have told,
Farewell! farewell! "good night."

AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for this thunder and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people: nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitements: having been accustomed to deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pearls glittering in the bottom of the Atlantic.

I love to gaze on a breaking wave. It is the only thing in nature which is the most beautiful in the moment of its dissolution.

THE REPROACH.

You told me that my brow was fair,
My eyes were laughing bright;
In golden tresses hung my hair,
My teeth were pearly bright.
My voice, you said, was silvery sweet,
My lips were coral red;
All beauty flies, alas! how fleet,
When hopes like mine have fled.
Yes! I awake from dreams of bliss
As false as they were fair;
Forbear! forbear! nay, do not kiss
The picture of despair.

HAPPINESS.

True happiness is not the growth of earth;
The soil is fruitless if you seek it here;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! the seed is sown,
And only sown in minds of heavenly mould;
It rises slow, and buds; and ne'er was known
To blossom here: the climate is too cold.

The first care of a good wife, is, to have a good cook, and no cobwebs in the house.

Human virtue is like the dying dolphin, exhibiting its most beautiful colors in distress.

A toper's eye is like the moon, shining in borrowed radiance from the nose. Hence a dab on the proboscis darkens his peepers.

When I see a young man possess no more honor than to be dunned, I guess he will never make a man of respectability.

When I see a man quit work because he has three or four hired men to oversee, I guess he will have to go to jail to pay them.

When I see a man suffer a simple wife to run in debt at a store to whatever she fancies, I guess he will soon wish he had never been married.

When I see a lady possess a large portion of pride and affection, I guess she lacks of delicacy and sense.

When I hear a woman using profane language, I think it time for swearing to be out of fashion.

When I pass by a house, and see the yard covered with stumps, old hoops, and broken wares, I guess the man is a horse jockey, and the woman a spinner of street yarn.

HYMN, BY MRS. OPIE.

There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love and power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general psalm raise.

And shall my voice, Great God, alone
Be mute amidst nature's loud acclaim?
No, let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
And nature's debt is small to mine,

Thou had'st her being bounded be,
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

The Saviour left his heavenly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deigned to die that I might live!
But thanks and praise for love so great
No mortal tongue can e'er express;
Then let me, bowed before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, soldier! wake! thy war horse waits
To bear thee to the battle back;
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warefare o'er;
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st no helm nor cuirass now,
Beyond the Grecian hero's boss;
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host;
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild, widowed look she wore,
The day—how long to her it seems!
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And sickened at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier! let thy mother wait
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her home to thee at last;
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last, and far away, she heard its linger-
ing echoes fall!

MUSIC AND POETRY.—The London papers notice the recent publication of a very tasteful volume of vocal pieces, called "The loves of the Butterflies," the music composed by Alex. Lee, and the poetry by T. H. Bailey.—The united talents of these gentlemen are said to have produced a work of fanciful and lively character, which cannot fail to give entire satisfaction to Amateurs of the lightest style of Music. The following is a specimen of the poetry.

Impromptu, by that eternal fellow, Sam Rogers, who trampled on a farmer's toe during the late thunder-storm.

Giles cried—"I never zeed sich rain
Sin' I were mortal born;"
Then roar'd like one in sudden pain,
"Oh, Lord, my corn, my corn!
I pri'thee move thy weighty form,
Thy tread is heavier than the storm."

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